Disasters, fires, floods + killer bees

Welcome to Dirge, the first ever zine I've done.

If this is the worst intro page you've ever seen it's cause I've only got 15mins to do it in or it could be weeks till I get another chance. Pretty typical of the completely chaotic and disorgaised way this entire zine has been produced in. But then who doesn't love a little chaos?

So anyway a description of this zine defies all words (as well as the small amount of time I have left). I guess it's all stuff that has passed through my head at some point. Now you can put it through your head. I highly recommend this course of action. It's much better than bullets.

I guess a necessary cliché is to thank all the people who have been good to me (and those who have been bad to me and therefore inspired me). So, thanks.

Dum-dee-dum-dee-dum. Oh yeah, contact me at sunil1menon1@hotmail.com . Well I guess that gave my name away. Hope this doesn't fall into the wrong hands.

PS - for all you poetry haters, yeah you know who you are, this zine does feature small amounts of verse. Enjoy

Your Guide to

Compassionate Capitalism

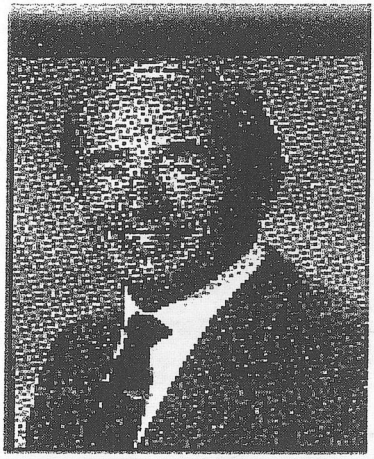
With Rich De Vos

During the last two centuries it has been the compassionate capitalists among us who have done more to meet the needs of the starving, homeless, sick and dying than all the opponents of capitalism put together. There have been, and I suppose there will always be, greedy capitalists who refuse to help those in need, but don't let their ugly memory overshadow the generations of compassionate capitalists whose generosity has brought hope and healing to millions of people who could not help themselves.

"We call our company Amway", I said in those early "Selling America" speeches, "because the American way of private ownership and free enterprise is the best way."

The honest capitalist, while rejecting Marx, needs to acknowledge that there are important things we can learn from this angry man.

Capitalism remains the only economic system that gives us hope that we can pull the world and all her people back from the brink of bankruptcy and forward into an age of prosperity and peace.



An anecdote about a black couple:

I will never forget meeting them for the first time at one of our distributor seminars...Charles Prince grabbed my hand and looked me straight in the eye. I noticed his hands were trembling slightly and he seemed to be blinking back tears.

"Mr DeVos," he began quietly, "when I first heard you talk about free enterprise, I didn't believe a word of it. Capitalism was for white, middle-class men with a degree from the right college and daddy's money in the bank. Because I was black, there was no room for me."

"I couldn't pledge allegiance to this country or its flag," he said, because I didn't think there was liberty and justice for all," he said. "But you didn't notice my skin colour or ask me for a resume. You just said, 'Come, join us.' You only asked one thing, that I produce, and you rewarded me on the same scale and by the same rules that you rewarded all the others."

Suddenly, Charles and Laquetta were standing on either side of me with their arms entwined in mine. Charles faced the crowd and said, "Now at last I can say it: 'With liberty and justice for all..."

With his hand on his heart and tears spilling down his cheeks, Charles Prince pledged allegiance to the flag.

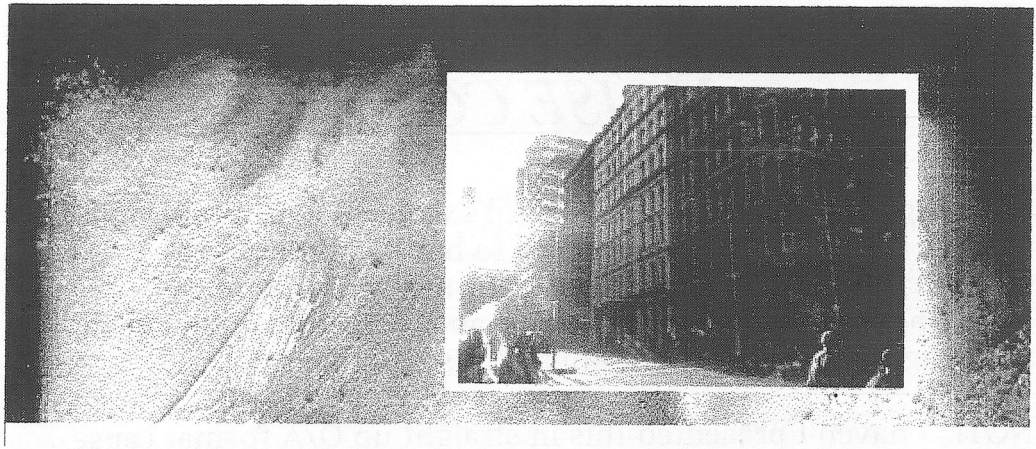
Find these and other moments of pure inspiration in 'Compassionate Capitalism' by Rich DeVos available at Amazon. Guaranteed to douse your revolutionary fire.

cold Silence has

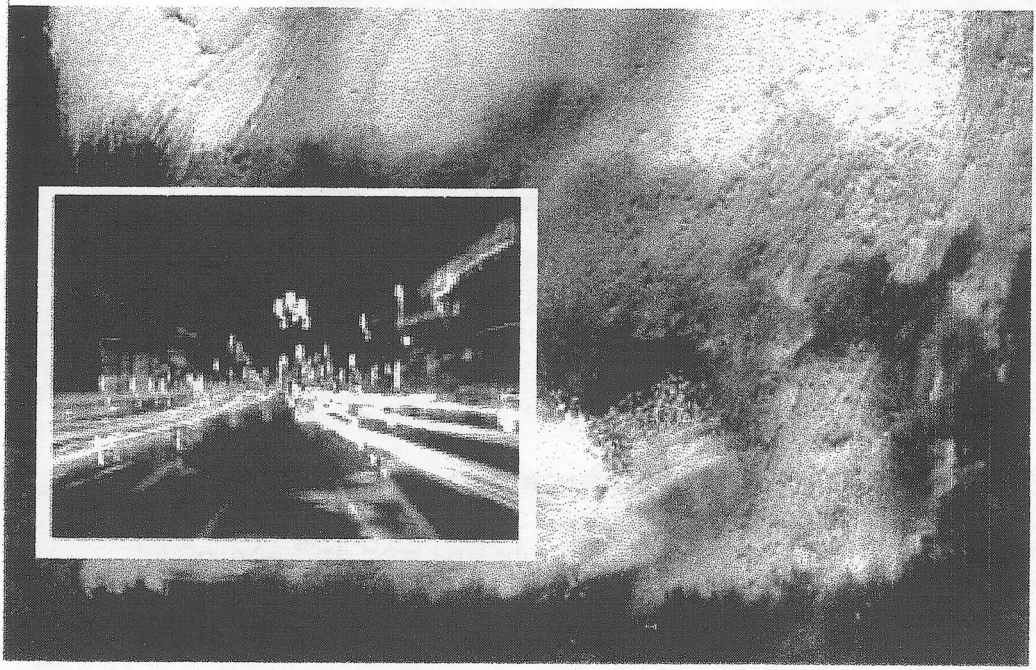
a tendency to

Atrophy any

sense of compassion



It could all be so beautiful. We could touch, feel and surrender to the serenity of spaces beyond the mind's vertical limits. Beyond the confines of anger, greed, hate and aggression; beyond capitalism. It's there in the horizon, beyond the shore, drifting unscarred by time's grand facade, unmoved by the materialist rush of a modern world.



THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY

Standing in front of Red Eye Record's collection of punk vinyl records seemed a pretty apt place to have an interview/ conversation with Dennis Lyxzen, formerly of legendary Swedish hardcore punkers Refused and currently of an equally amazing band, The (International) Noise Conspiracy.

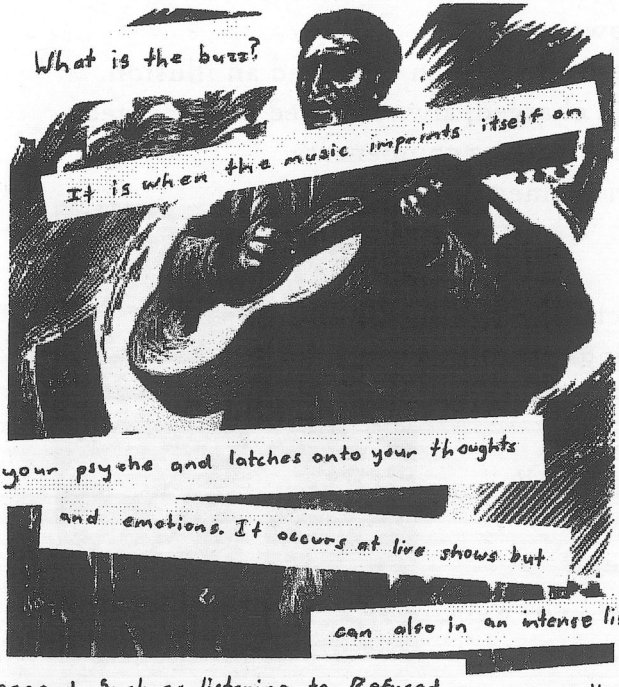
NOTE: I haven't presented this in straight up Q/A format cause looking back my questions are pretty boring and obvious as I hadn't expected to have the chance to talk with Dennis.

on T(I)NC as revolutionary musicians:
"I don't think any rock band can overthrow the economic structures of the world — that's pretty obvious. We have this opportunity to communicate with a lot of people and we try to use the mediums that are available to us to do this."

Here I mentioned their cd booklets:
"They (the booklets) are one part, along with our music and when we play shows. Getting people inspired and energised when they listen to our record or see us play, that's our goal. Not to educate, people should do that for themselves."

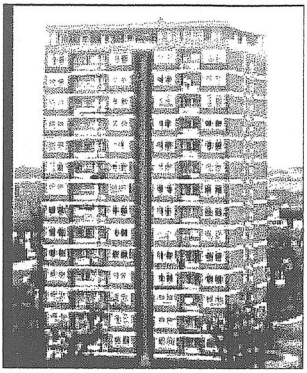
On their live shows:
"Music can create a beautiful energy, for us as well as the audience. We take something from seeing people dancing and enjoying our show. Hopefully our music provokes thought but also creates a buzz and leaves people inspired in their actions even after we finish."

On activism:
"I think we play a role in trying to communicate revolutionary ideas through our music. Without music and art and other forms of expression, ~~music~~ activism loses its ability to inspire. When we come to a country, I like to find out about what's going on. I know that here refugees are a major issue and I like to be able to say something on stage. Hopefully we can play a role in inspiring people to act. "

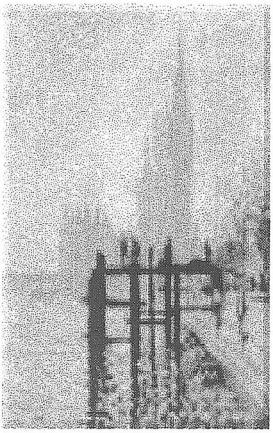

What is the buzz?
It is when the music imprints itself on
your psyche and latches onto your thoughts
and emotions. It occurs at live shows but
can also in an intense listening of any
record. Such as listening to Refused
while walking through downtown Sydney or
Tool's 'Aenema' on a bus to Melbourne in
the middle of the night on Alice in Chains'
'Dirt' while locked in your room with blinds drawn.

Just a day after having seen T(I)NC play one of the most amazing and politically inspiring gigs I have ever been at, how could I help but feel that if only everyone in the world would attend a punk show for one night, we would certainly have a revolution on our hands.

Melancholy for the Dispossessed

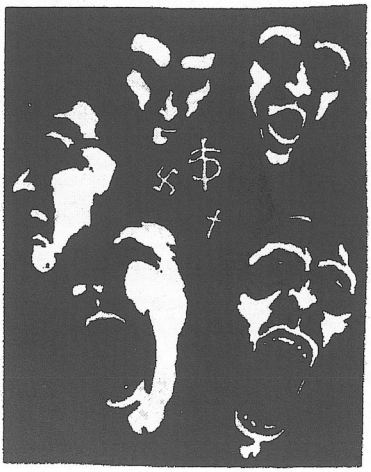


Captured souls heed every call
Of an ill-tempered master.
Within boxes, within boxes they stare,
Storied caskets of driftwood,
Searching, lost;
As a mosaic of days interweave with years.

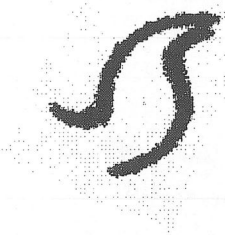


A slow unceasing rotation.
Eyes blue, red
And yellow;
Somewhere between an oasis and an illusion.
Wired and charged, always wired and charged,
False transmissions compensate
For stolen moments.

An unnatural storm cleanses
Thoughts of something more.

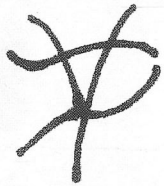


Silent entities float onwards still,
Isolated in their crowds—
Always cold and despondent;
Only predetermined contact allowed.
Staring continuously,
Breathing hate, infusing hate
And giving a muted laugh for the blood-stained pleasure.



An unnatural storm cleanses
Thoughts of something more.

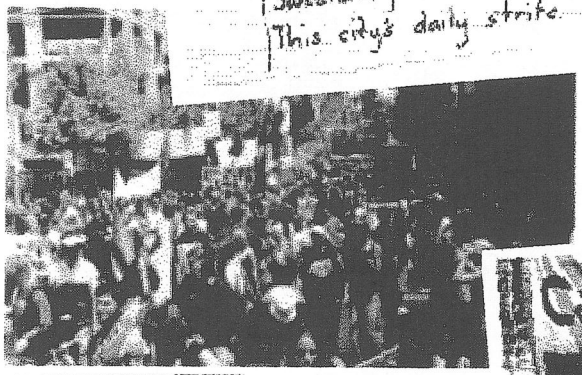
In cycles of brutal solitude,
Limp forms
Strung up for display,
Serve a timely reminder,
All is lost if not expressed—
Decaying fruit is served
And rancid gloom fuels the dispossessed.



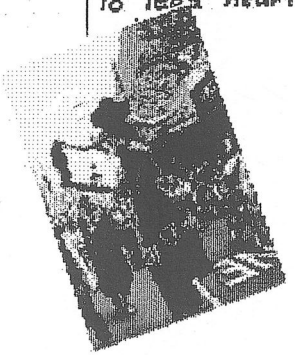
Over a sea of melancholy mist,
A solitary crow flies.

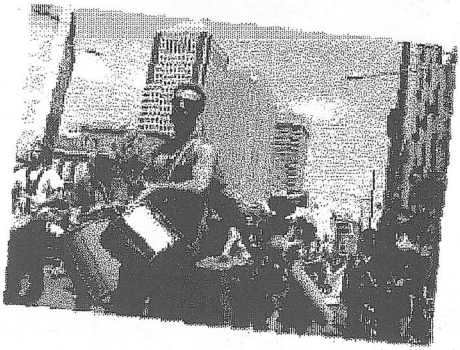
RTS

Somewhere in a tar-stained landscape,
Of concrete trees and plastic truths-
What's real dissolves its shape.
Bitumen cracks, gives way to sprouting life,
Sweetening the violence and soothes
This city's daily strife.

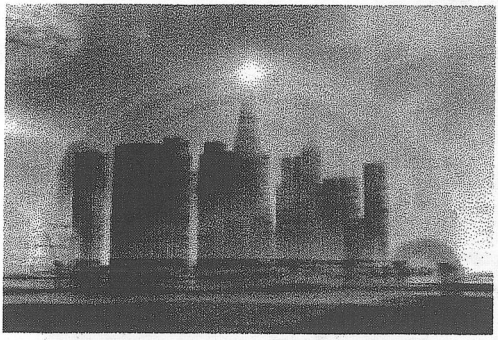


A flowering oasis gifts colour
To the grey monologues of despair,
Salvaged from days much duller.
Rhythmic beats and festive dance
Resonate like a beacon of repair,
To lead hearts in cold trance.

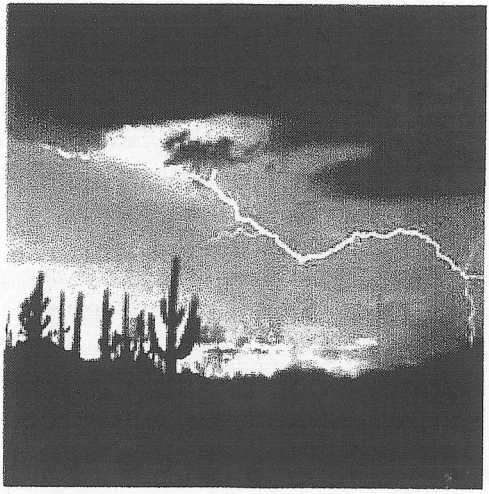




Under a benevolent, radiant moon - a landscape of bitter remorse. Waves of electricity act as a tourniquet for a bleeding earth. What is living, is breathing, is supercharged on phosphorescent elements. Turning circles and lost in the traveling carnival, the wind carries with it a voice, "So, you control the world? How do you control chaos?"



In this setting an outline moves across the horizon. Stones crunch under the footsteps. The light of the moon cannot possibly touch every corner of this desert. In the deepest recesses, black as the cold grasp of death, something waits to be found. As the footsteps approach the furthest edge of this plain, a roar emanates from the lifelines left behind. Out of the fluorescent glow, frozen shards of life explode shattering the fragility.



The footsteps now move faster. Away from the monolithic confines of synthetic existence towards the unknown darkness. A hand reaches into the void pulling fragments from the earth. Pieces that tame the phosphorescence that eats at the very life of all things. Slowly they are reassembled. Taking shape, visions of another world flash against the black. A rush of air and a brightness unknown.

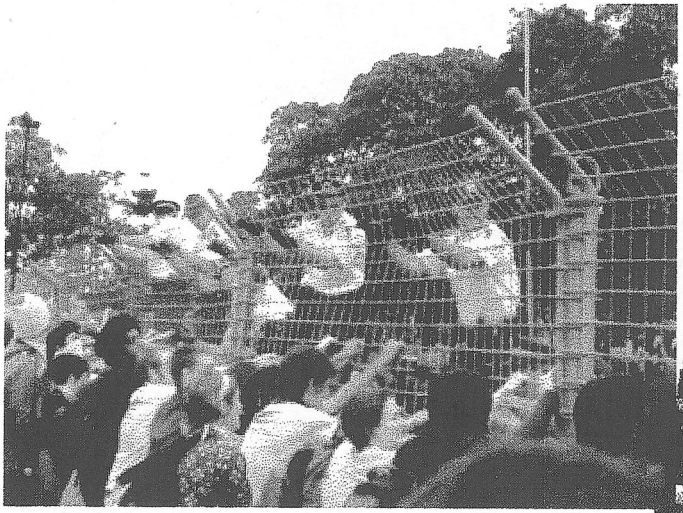
WTO PROTESTS

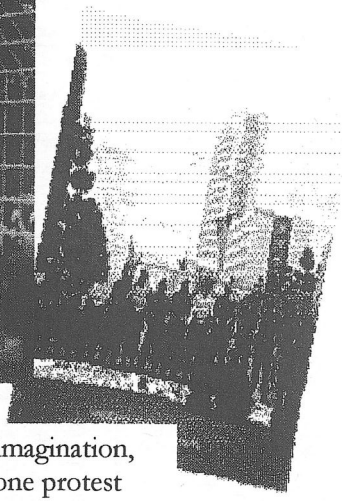
NOVEMBER 14 & 15

What's left to say? Hit the rewind button and watch as the ordered styles of dissent unfold once more. See the megaphone marshals belonging to one socialist party or another talk **AT** their younger members seated before them in the 'passive protest zone'. Haven't I seen this before, maybe it's the sequel? Or maybe it's based on a book. Didn't Ward Churchill write of protests "assembled in orderly fashion, listening to selected speakers, … carrying signs demanding the same thing", with marshals whose "function is to ensure that demonstrators remain 'responsible', not deviating from the state-sanctioned plan of protest". A spectacle of opposition that strengthens capitalism by allowing it to point at us and say, "See, we do allow people to voice their opinion", while being completely ineffectual ourselves.

"How can we expect anyone to listen if we are using the same old voice ... we need new noise"

- from 'New Noise' by Refused

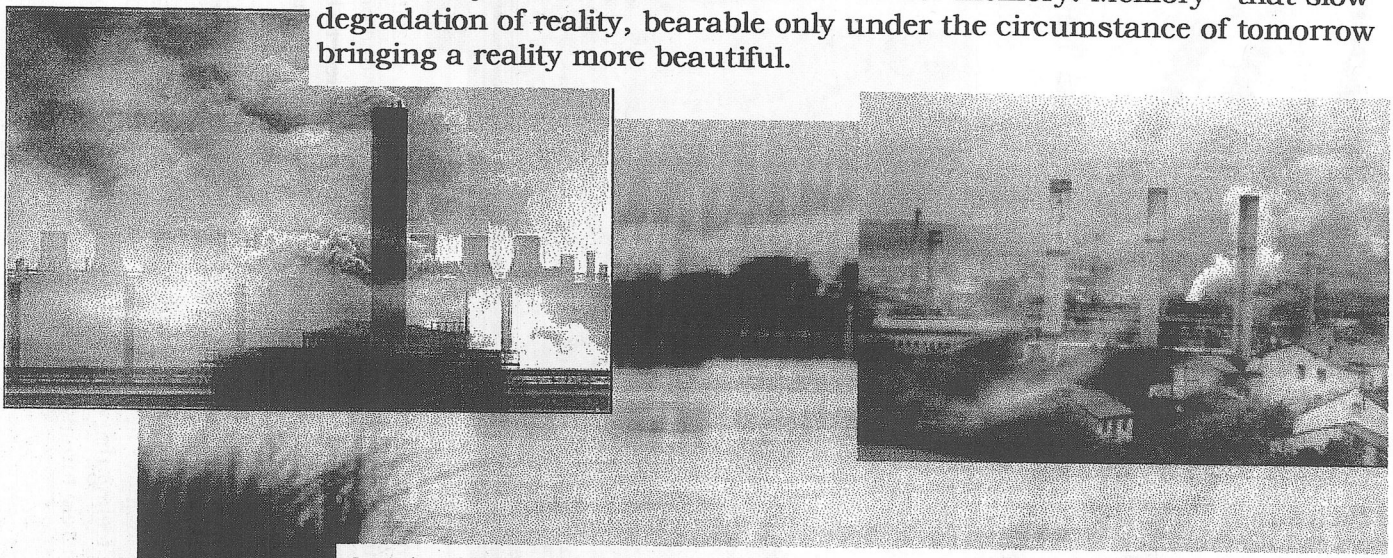




Why aren't we able to raise the stakes of creativity, imagination, communication, militancy and action? Beyond any one protest there is a constant sameness, a 'business as usual' feel to being an activist. Activism becomes a job from which we need a holiday. Unsurprising when organisations and institutions that are completely lacking in any revolutionary beauty or potential continue to be the focus of so much energy. Most of these merely serve to add to the spectacle of opposition. Not using the same old voice requires not using the same old institutions to organise. I get the feeling that despite being in a state of perpetual motion, we are merely turning circles.

The clouds this day seemed to mourn the fall of the last great pretender. Her body balled up on the muddy shores as the water slithered past, refusing to acknowledge her presence. The pictures she had drawn in the dirt were slowly distorting at the touch of the icy rain. It didn't matter anyway, they never lived up to the ones inside her head.

Voices called at her, tempting, trying to move her, but it was always the tinge of static that revealed their insincerity. Just like the ones yesterday, and the day before that and all those in her memory. Memory—that slow degradation of reality, bearable only under the circumstance of tomorrow bringing a reality more beautiful.



On the far shore amidst the dirty grey, the unceasing machinations of the sludge factory churned out its tired version of life. Lies and half-truths. She closed her eyes under the pretence of sleep, let the tide immerse her body and drift into vast blue.

Cities can be such alienating places. Constructs of capitalism. They loom large upon our psyche and intimidate, enforcing sanctions against all but the most efficient forms of existanc and communication. Creating the boredom and alienation that so suits capitalism. Our minds' constantly invaded with messages from our conporate lords reminding all to conform. Watch the footpat as precious faces sunken by the drain of repetition disappear into the machine.

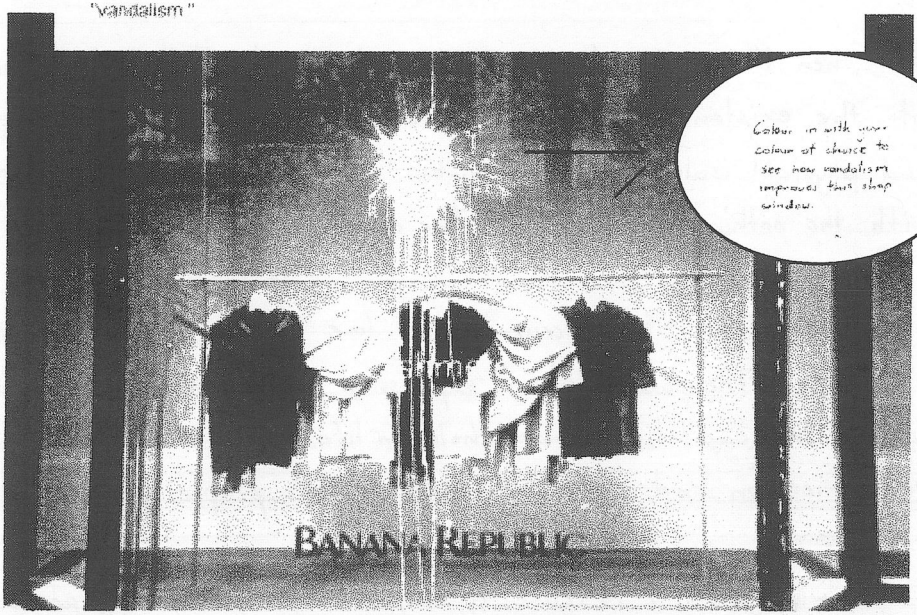
And then there is suburbia. That vast wasteland that feeds itself into the existance of the city. The distances creating both mental and physical isolation. With suburbia-child, disconnected and bore with the nothingness of it all. The emptiness of the future.

I love ~~the~~ cities. More accurately, I love the possibilities that exist within them. The possibilities of expression and subversion - fighting against the capitalist stranglehold on life. The possibilities of communication and community with all the people within.

I've always wanted to leave Sydney, for some other city, preferabl overseas, to explore all the possibilities within it and then move o Now I feel more connected here and with the communities that exis within the isolation. It is necessary to make them more inclusive and extend them beyond this beautiful little ghetto. Make the possibilities o a real existance open to all the dispossessed and begin demolishing the psychological hold of capitalism.

Vandalism as Art

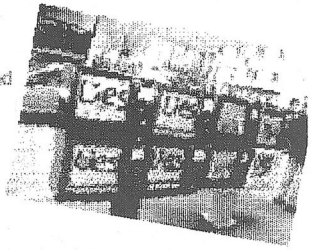
In the silence of a city under martial law, the post capitalist gallery is open. Here, the sheltered windows of a Warner Bros. store, each fallen shard swept away into invisibility. Here, a boarded-up McDonald's restaurant, suddenly isolated and exposed in its empty parking lot. In the middle of a street, an abandoned police car robbed of its authority by two spray-painted words, "We Win." Everywhere there are flags adorned with new symbols, newspaper boxes piled into barricades - dozens of acts of destruction, each loaded with aesthetic and social importance. Acts of art. Acts we would typically call "vandalism."



As told on the TV news, vandalism ruled the day last November 30, when tens of thousands of protesters shut down the World Trade Organization and created a state of emergency in downtown Seattle. Vandalism is an intentional violation, the defacement of something deemed valuable by others, but we know, too, that it can be a form of expression. Vandalism is young lovers carving their names in the bark of a tree, a street youth tagging a four-star hotel, anarchists kicking in the windows of Nikeltown. What could be a more complete expression of the desperate cynicism of postmodern decadence than this cathartic, primal flashback? Could any art form of our age offer a shred of hope for escape without a direct confrontation with property, the core value around which each of us is driven to build a sense of self.

Winston goes punk to celebrate Monday in London.

Vandalism is a kind of parasitism born from the essence of millennial western civilization. In our current culture we stand fractured, manipulated by technology and commercial interests. Marketers assign meaning to clothing, cars, furniture, even food; we choose our meanings with our products, simultaneously creating and eradicating our sense of our selves. We are commercial projects of meaning. We are host organisms and commodity culture is the parasite. We are vandalized objects — bent, warped, covered with markings we can't honestly say we chose by free will. Sapped of community and humanity, we have come to believe that we depend on our parasite for identity.



What we know as "vandalism" is in fact a rejection of consumer dependency. The vandal undermines commercial meaning. Consumer culture lumbers overgrown above us and vulnerable to its own shallow roots. It fears all reflection. Citizens living within it are in a state of perpetual self evasion, avoiding contemplation for fear of confronting the void of utter meaninglessness or, worse, competitive disadvantage and social exclusion. Vandalism is an expression of this psychology of flight and the understanding that existence itself has become a criminal activity. Vandalism is art when art can no longer rescue meaning from the overwhelming absurdity of present material conditions. In a society that promotes a myth of total choice, the most crucial choice has been made criminal: the ability to create new meaning. The point where the myth and reality meet is the intersection of politics and art, the haunt of the vandal, the culture jammer, the anarchist. It is at this intersection that the barricades went up, November 30, 1999.

**Unfortunately, I don't know who wrote the article as there was no author credited on the website that I found it on. **

Now let me remember...

Things to do? What was it?

Capitalism, socialism, anarchism, fetishism,

Didn't you know?

See, can't you see, the castles in the sky?

How many dollars till fulfillment?

And within each daily struggle is life.

You mean it's just another means of oppression?

Wake-up, sleep, repeat. What? Oh yeah, all those things in between.

Molotovs and shattered glass.

Didn't the war happen yesterday?

How many now?

Huh, funny. So sure I saw it on TV.

It's not pretty, never pretty.

Death showers and plastic smiles.

You read newspapers.

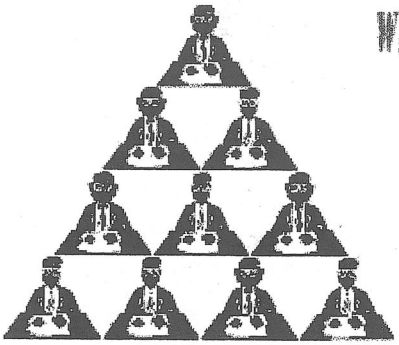
A new world under construction.

Neon economics and imaginary people.

Five out of seven is not a balance.

How many beers till fulfillment?

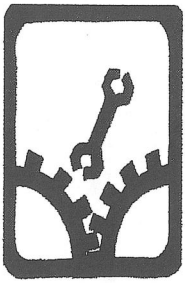
Forgive me, but I only do reality.



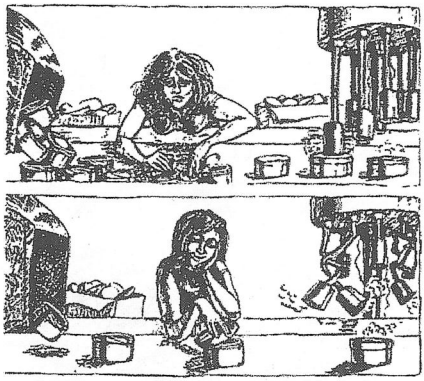
WHEN THE SYSTEM SURROUNDS YOU

AND EVERYDAY IS AN ORDERED REPETITION...

SABOTAGE AS A MEANS OF ESCAPE AND EXPRESSION



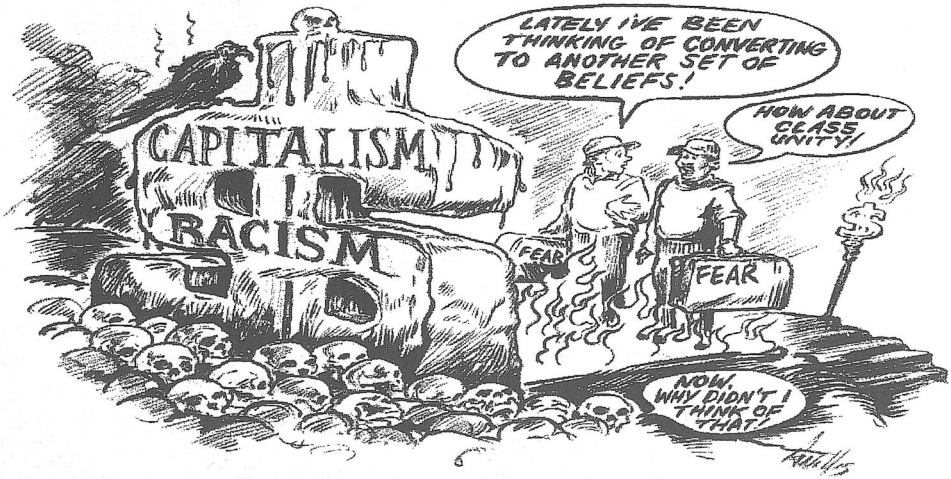
SPEEDUPS CAUSE BREAKDOWNS



SUPPORT THE BREAKDOWN OF YOUR CHOICE

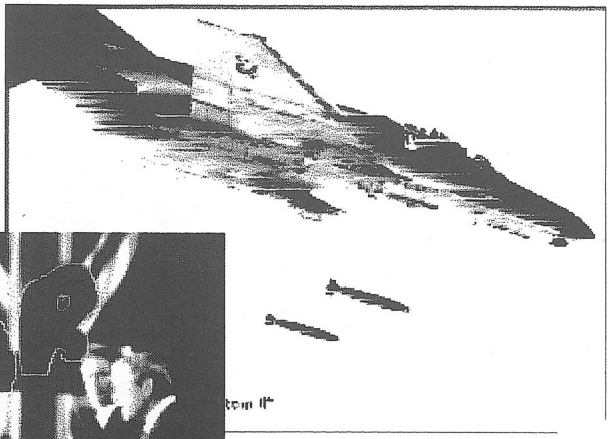
Leslie Fish (*Industrial Worker*, August 1975)

COMMUNICATE AND RETALIATE



I love the chaos of windy days.

When the sun is shoved to the horizon and the clouds swim in the sky. It's like the spotlight is turned off, the knife that twists in the wound is replaced. A cooling shower liberates the city. Each droplet biting into the concrete surface, eroding the tedium & desperation with soft repair. The wind a swirl of thoughts and dreams beyond corporeality. A moment of magic, a moment of inspiration, of something more.

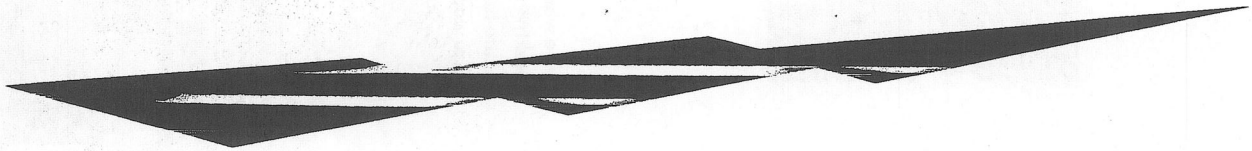


PRAISE the ~~Lord~~ $,
PASS the ammunition,
capitalism ~~God~~ wants You to go to WAR

If the war pigs claimed nature's morals,
Backing their bravado and weapons of war,
While trampling the foliage in their rush towards material gain,
Who would question their motives?

If they take innocent lives at a whim,
Turning the forest into a wasteland,
Hoarding all the fruit for themselves leaving a barren desert,
Who would resist them?

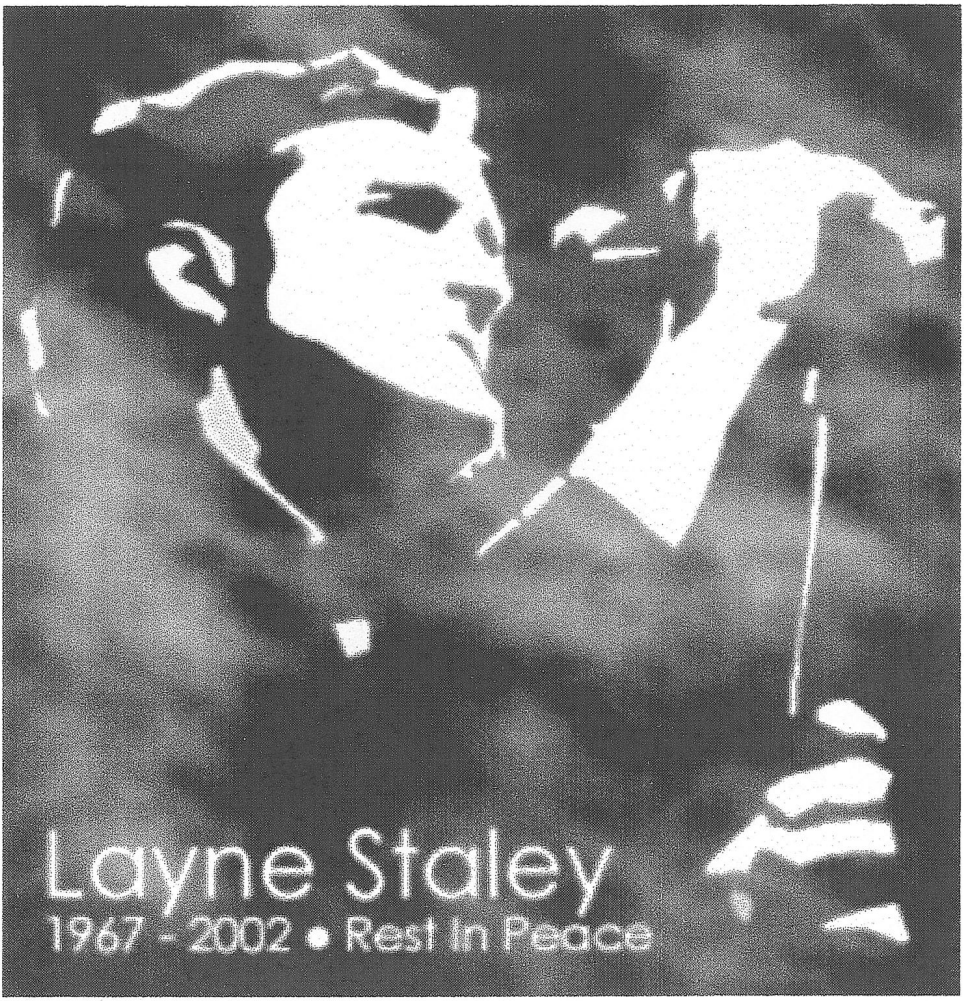
It pervades in every moment, permeates time in every corner of apparent safety. Smiles smothered in candle-lit, ink-smudged drapery. The air scented by winds that murmur of their emigrated dissent. It is that grey mist of memory that rises and falls but never dissipates. But there, as it repels the flood, the-too-much-to-take-so-fuck-it-all flood, it is a comfort. A blanket of familiarity - torn, dull and old. The overcast sky that is protection from a sunny day.



"I'd like to fly,
But my wings have been
So denied."

Down in a Hole by Alice in Chains

(another grunger overdose. This band's music has been such a big part of my life)



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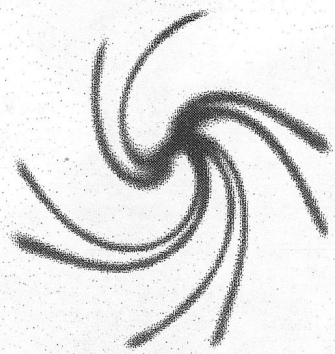
Loophole
Library

Sighs before, life could wake,
Unjaded in thought.
I want to live far beyond my reach,
Somewhere near you,
To explore each tangent as you do.